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RELEASE NO. 1569

"INDIAN PUDDING"

TERRY-TOONS

By Paul Terry and Frank Moser

Stealthy Indian music, played by the Terry-Toon orchestra with the leader dressed in Big Chief regalia, prepares us for this stirring tale of fun and feathers.

"Oh, Susana," fervidly sung by a squatted mule and a guitar-strumming mouse, is the initial attraction. We shift to a pow-wow, the circle of spectators taking keen interest in the tunes originating from gentle taps on the complete skeleton of a defunct horse. Two skeletons demonstrate that skill at precision dancing survives even death. A large cactus proves an inscrutable problem to the mule and his passenger, the mouse, and they proceed to dance before it. A venomous snake slinks from behind the cactus, joins in the merrymaking, and, after completing a graceful flip in the air, buries his nose and ensuing parts into the earth.

Our drama now begins. A dastardly Indian Cat, seated in a cart driven by a small dog, jumps out to administer a sound thrashing to the dog. The latter, being a female of the species and less deadly than the male, takes refuge in tears--copious, large ones. Our mouse approaches opportunely; his heart is touched and, in his wrath, he drives the Indian away. The dog, to show her gratitude to the gentle but nevertheless amorous advances of the mouse, increases the flow of her tears, and in a complete abandonment to her liquid joy, departs coyly.

The Indian returns, armed with a knife. Even his weapon is unavailing, for the mouse scares him off. The cowardly Indian makes for his tent, and, with his head emerging from its peak, walks off with his abode. The Indian, seated perilously on a buffalo's back, throws spears at a strutting condor. Seeing their decorative possibilities, the condor poses adroitly to catch the spears, and she struts off proudly, peacock fashion, with her metal plumage.

A buffalo flutist plays to the delight of his kinsfolk in a large barn. Charmed by the music, the listeners form a perfect line in parade formation, and demonstrate how well they have been drilled in setting-up exercises.

An innocent milk-maid, busy with her necessary chores, faces the Indian peril. Several tribes go in pursuit of her. Our brave mouse hears her pitiful but loud cries for assistance, and leaving his mule, flies to her rescue. She has, by this time, taken refuge in her house. The Indians, too, have gained entrance. The hero appears, chases the redskins away, and joins in mortal combat with the last, and most persistent, one. The Indian is vanquished after a brief, furious fight. The victor obtains his reward, and with the sanction of the milkmaid's father, who has just returned, the pair embrace as a promise of later, wedded bliss.

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Audio Cinema, Inc.,

161 Harris Ave.,

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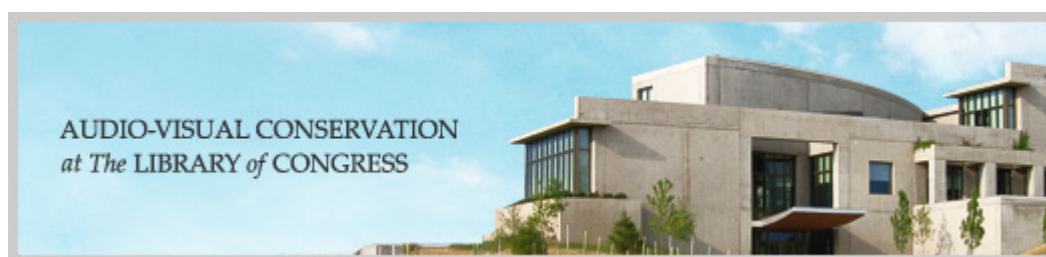
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